

[Indian Story]

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Words-[260?] [/ev?]

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INDIAN STORY by Mrs. Mary E. Burleson

I had to take some money to my Uncle Shafer, who lived on a ranch about thirty miles from Cimarron, New Mexico. My brother who was younger than I, and my girl chum Annie Crocker went with me. In tho'se days we rode side saddles. We stayed all night at my Uncle's ranch. The next morning when we were getting ready to leave we found my brother's horse was lame and he couldn't go back with us. So my girl chum and I started out alone for home. When we got on top of Riado hill we looked back and saw /an Indians riding fast towards us, and it [scared?] us nearly to death. So we started out to gallop our horses, and the Indian would ride faster. So we ran our horses just an fast as they could go the rest of the way home.

Mother came to the door when we arrived, and said "girls, what on [earth] is the matter, just look at your horses?" The horses were covered with sweat and lather from riding them so hard. But we out rode the Indian.

When my mother helped me down from my horse, I could not stand on my right leg. I had gripped the horn of my side saddle so hard in my ride for my life, so I tho'ught at the time, that in some way I injured my leg and have been a cripple since that day. I had to give up dancing and I did love to dance.

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Narrator—Mrs. Mary E. Burleson—Age 78—Carrizozo, New Mexico